

TARBIYAT
SERIES PART - 2

Stuffed with fascinating stories based on Islamic upbringing is just the right gift for the children.

STORY TIME



Bait-ul-Ilm Trust

STORY

TIME

TARBIYAT SERIES
Part-2



Bait-ul-Ilm Trust

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

PREFACE

The gardener said, "Children are like flowers." The writer said, "Children are like books." The physician said, "Children are like medicines." The painter said, "Children are like paintings."

We say, "Children are like mortar ... mould them in any shape you please, and solidify them with honesty to make them so strong and robust that no power in the world can ever break them.

All these similes solicit that we think for the right brought up of our children — the ones who have been entrusted to us by the future. Tomorrow, they will be the builders of our nation, and will sway its leadership. If they are not trained along the right lines or not developed in the right direction or not cared for the chastity of thoughts, the whole Ummah will be a victim of disintegration and disaster in the near future.

Therefore, children should be brought up properly. They should be adorned with chaste thoughts and character. They should be guided about their aims in life from the very beginning. However, these ideas should be imbibed without any compulsion so that they make these virtues part of their personalities and feel interest in them.

This series of books, which is called "Tarbiyat Series", is designed to achieve this honorable goal. In this book the standards of ethics are measured in parables. The chastity of character is idealized in narratives and the conclusions are drawn in "morals". The books in this series also have jokes,

puzzles and poems for the interest of children.

In short this book is one the best gifts for children which not only has material of their interest but also about your desires and plans that you want to see blooming in your offspring. Further more you will (Insha Allah) find some stuff on those vices from which you want to save your children.

Al-Hamdu-Lillah, today this book is in your hands. We must acknowledge the efforts of Brother Ibraheem, Brother Noman, Brother Masood-uz-Zaman and respected Shahzawaz Sahib who extended their immeasurable cooperation in the compilation of this book.

We are also thankful to respected R. Eesa (of South Africa) for her co-operation in this noble work by preparing few reformatory stories. Also thankful to respected A. Abdur Raqeeb who spent her precious time to rectify this book. May Allah Ta'ala reward them abundantly.

This book is a result of heartily desires of a lot of Mashaikh, Ulama-e-Kiram, and the efforts of friends and teachers of Bait-ul-Ilm Trust

We pray to Allah Ta'ala to make this book instrumental to the right brought up of our children and make it popular with the same sentiment and spirit with which it is compiled and produced. May this book become an asset for our Aakhirah.

وما توفيقى الا بالله

Bait-ul-Ilm Trst

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SAMEER AND THE BEGGAR

(PART - 1)

Sameer was a ten year old boy who studied at a private boys' school in the city of Karachi. He was their only child, so his parents decided to give him the best education they could, even though they did not have much money. His father was the manager of a clothing factory and his mother did dressmaking at home. His father always left home very early in the morning, long before Sameer woke up for school, and often came home late at night.

His mother spent all day at her machine, sewing the clothes for most of the women in the neighbourhood. They earned just enough money to pay their house rent and other expenses, which included Sameer's expensive school fees. Whatever extra money they had at the end of each month, they would save for Sameer's university education.

Now, Sameer didnot know how hard his parents had to work, just to give him all the things he wanted. They never told him and continued to buy him everything he demanded.

Sameer's friends at school had rich parents. And they always had the latest computer games and wore expensive branded clothes. Sameer wanted to be just like his friends and so every time one of his friends had something new, he would ask his father to buy the same for him. Somehow, his father always managed to come up with the money to buy him whatever he wanted, even if it meant taking out some cash from their savings. This was a common occurrence and soon their savings diminished.

One day, after school, Sameer ran into their apartment bubbling with excitement. "Mother....mother.....! guess what Adil has got? His father has bought him the latest light sneakers from that new 'Designer Store' in the mall. They have all the latest designs which light up every time you walk. They are absolutely wonderful. Tell papa to buy me that sneakers on Saturday. I just have to have them," and

he ran off to his room.

Sameer's mother looked up wearily from her dressmaking. She had been hard at work at her machine from before Fajr salah, had a quick snack after Zuhr, and then continued with it. It was getting more and more difficult to meet their expenses every month, so she had taken on more dressmaking so that they would be able to pay for the extra activities that Sameer wanted to attend at his school.

Tears rolled down on her worried face as she raised her tired, aching hands and prayed to Allah Ta'ala "O Allah! please help us. We only want what is best for our son. Only You can help us so please make it easy for us." As she said these words, she realised what she had to do.

She called Sameer, gave him his lunch, and then, with a heavy heart, she said to him, "My dear son. I am so sorry but we cannot buy the sneakers for you because we cannot afford it. We just bought you a new pair two months ago and it is still in good condition.

Please understand. **إِنْ شَاءَ اللَّهُ** Insha-Allah, as soon as things improve, we will be able to buy you a new pair. But until then, please make do with the one you have."

Sameer couldn't believe what he was hearing. He jumped up from his seat, dropping his chair to the ground. His face began to redden as he screamed, "I have to have them....! I can't go to school without the sneakers. All my friends have them. They will laugh at me if I wear my old sneakers. You have to buy them. I don't care what you do. You just have to buy them."

His mother's heart ached at her son's problem, but there was nothing she could do. "Have you learnt some Ahadeeth at school, Sameer?" she asked, trying to make him see things differently. "You know we do," he screamed, "what's any Hadeeth got to do with this?" "Well," she answered, "it's just that our beloved Nabi **صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ** said that only when we look at those who have less than us, we will appreciate whatever we have." "Everyone has more than me," screamed Sameer and he ran out of the

kitchen. His mother ran after him but he slammed his door on her face. Sameer stayed in his room for the rest of the day. He refused to speak to his mother and when his father knocked at his door that night, he pretended to be asleep. But his parents could hear him sobbing and together they begged Allah Ta'ala to help them and guide Sameer.



To be continued

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1. The Qur'aan has.

a 30 Surah

b 114 Surah

c 99 Surah

2. The following Surah does not start with Bismillah.

a Surah Fatiha

b Surah Yaseen

c Surah Taubah

3. The shortest Surah is

a Surah Ikhlas

b Surah Na'as

c Surah Kauthar

THE TEARS OF A BUTTERFLY

It was a warm summer day. Sadia was sitting at her bedroom's window watching the colourful butterflies. They flew from one flower to another in her backyard. "I wish I could have a butterfly of my own!" Sadia thought.

She decided to go to the basement to look for her blue fishing net. She remembered packing it in a box with some of her old toys. "I hope we have not given it away for charity yet," she thought as she searched the boxes. "Found it!" she shouted as she held up her blue fishing net and headed towards the kitchen. She picked up a small Jar and went into the backyard.

Out in the yard, Sadia began looking around for a butterfly among the bright flowers. She had her mind set on catching a butterfly and keeping it in her Jar. Sadia tiptoed around the yard very slowly. She did not want to scare

the butterflies away.

Suddenly, Sadia spotted a big, yellow and brown butterfly sitting on a sunflower. She flung her fishing net over the flower and trapped the butterfly. Slowly, she placed it in her plastic Jar. "There," she said with a big smile. "What will it eat?" she scratched her head thoughtfully. "Sunflowers!" she thought aloud.

Sadia picked a few petals from the big sunflowers and placed them in the Jar. She showed it to her elder brother, Hamid, who was fixing his bicycle in the yard. "Look at my butterfly!" she said as she held the plastic jar up so he could see it. There aren't any holes in that jar. The poor butterfly can not even breathe," said Hamid. "I didn't know that butterflies breathe. I thought they just ate and ate," said Sadia with a worried look. She rushed into the house to punch some holes in the lid of the Jar.

"Why have you trapped that butterfly in such a small plastic Jar?" asked her mother. "I want to keep it so I can see it all the time.

I will take good care of it. Mother....! I will give it new flowers to eat everyday," said Sadia. "But butterflies like living outside amongst all the lovely flowers, my dear. That's their home," explained her mother.

Sadia became very upset. She did not want to lose her butterfly "But Mother, I think the butterfly is safe in the jar. She tried to convince her mother but was feeling guilty at the same time. "Have a glance at the poor butterfly..!" said her mother. "I can feel its tears. Can't you?"

When Sadia looked at the butterfly then suddenly, Sadia felt an inner grief as if the butterfly was crying. "Yes mother, I can also feel it." Sadia said in a very low voice. "Think about it my love. What if I locked you up in a very small, dark room and I only let you have food that I gave you and never let you out. Would you like it?" said her mother. "No," said Sadia shaking her head slowly from side to side. "I am sorry butterfly," said Sadia as she looked into the jar. Sadia then returned to backyard, where she had found the butterfly.

When she opened the lid of the jar, the butterfly flew out happily into the summer air.

Now, Sadia was happy to see butterfly flying happily from one flower to another. "Mother..... mother..!" Sadia shouted. "Look mother! the butterfly's tears have vanished and now, it is laughing. I can feel it. Can't you?"



The prophet ﷺ said that Allah Ta'ala will reward the one who does good to living creatures.

We should follow the instructions of our beloved Nabi ﷺ and should do good to all living creatures.

THE LESSON FOR AHMAD

(PART - 1)

In a small country town, near Islamabad, lived a boy called Ahmad. Ahmad was a very well behaved and helpful boy at home.

He used to pray regularly and listened to his parents. But he had one bad habit. He loved teasing the other boys at *Madressa* (School) and enjoyed making them angry. And it was because of this that Ahmad had no friends. Ahmad's antics usually ended in lots of tears from the younger boys but it was when he started teasing the bigger boys that things started to get out of hand. It seemed that the angrier the boys got, the happier Ahmad felt.

They always threatened to hit him but he would just run away, all the while laughing at them. He knew that if they touched him he would report them to the teacher, who would punish them for hitting a younger boy. So

every time one of the boys threatened to hit Ahmad, he'd remind them of what the teacher would do and they'd go back. Ahmad had already gotten them into trouble before when he spied on them.

One day, Ahmad as usual happily teased a little boy, Imran who had limp in his leg and had to wear a special shoe. Imran tried ignoring him but being a small boy, he did not know how persistent Ahmad could be. Ahmad's teasing had made Imran even more self-conscious about his leg as the other boys began asking him about it. Finally, Imran couldn't take it any longer and started crying.

It was during the break that an older boy approached Ahmad and asked him, "What's your name?"

Now, Ahmad didn't know that this boy was the elder brother of Imran, Yaseen, who was in another class.

"Who are you and why do you want to know?" asked Ahmad boldly.

"I want to know because I want to know

who is it that's teasing my little brother."

Now, Ahmad had teased quite a few little boys that afternoon and he was not sure who Yaseen was referring to.

As he was trying to recall, Yaseen continued, "So you cannot even remember. You made my little brother cry and you better not do it again or you will have to deal with me!"

"And then you will have to deal with the teacher, Ahmad screamed behind him, as he ran away laughing.

Ahmad teased Imran again the next day and as he expected, Yaseen approached him during the break. Ahmad was well prepared for him with some of his nastiest and hurtful remarks. Yaseen threatened to hit him but as usual, Ahmad just laughed in the boy's face. This made yaseen very angry and his cheeks and ears began to redden as Ahmad's teasing got more and more hurtful. He made Ahmad trip over and pinned him to the ground. He raised his fist in the air and was about to punch him when Ahmad raised his hand and

shouted.

"Wait..! Please wait. I want to ask you something first. Tell me, are you a Muslim?"

The question of Ahmad caught Yaseen completely off guard and made him even angrier "Do you think I would be here in this *Madressa* if I wasn't a Muslim?" he asked.

"Well then, asked Ahmad breathlessly, "don't you know the *Hadeeth* of our beloved Nabi ﷺ where he says that "A Muslim is the one who avoids harming other Muslims with his tongue and hands".

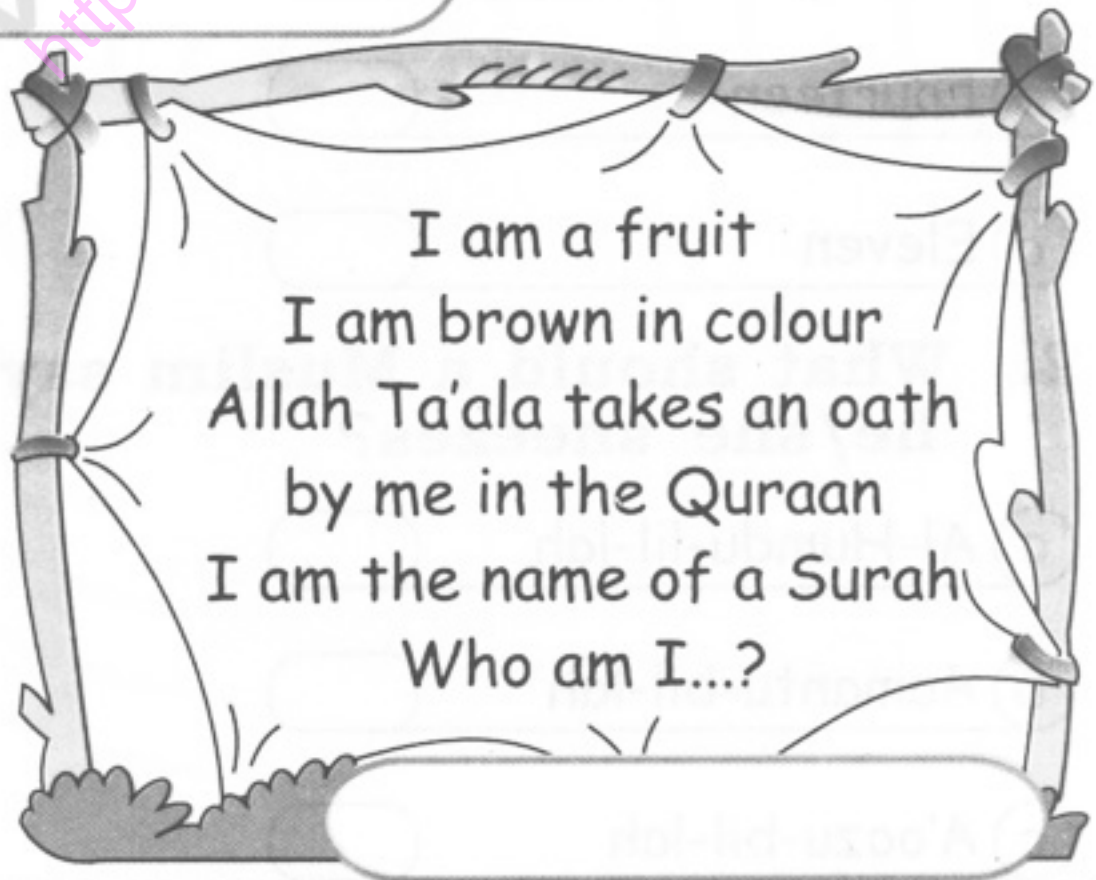
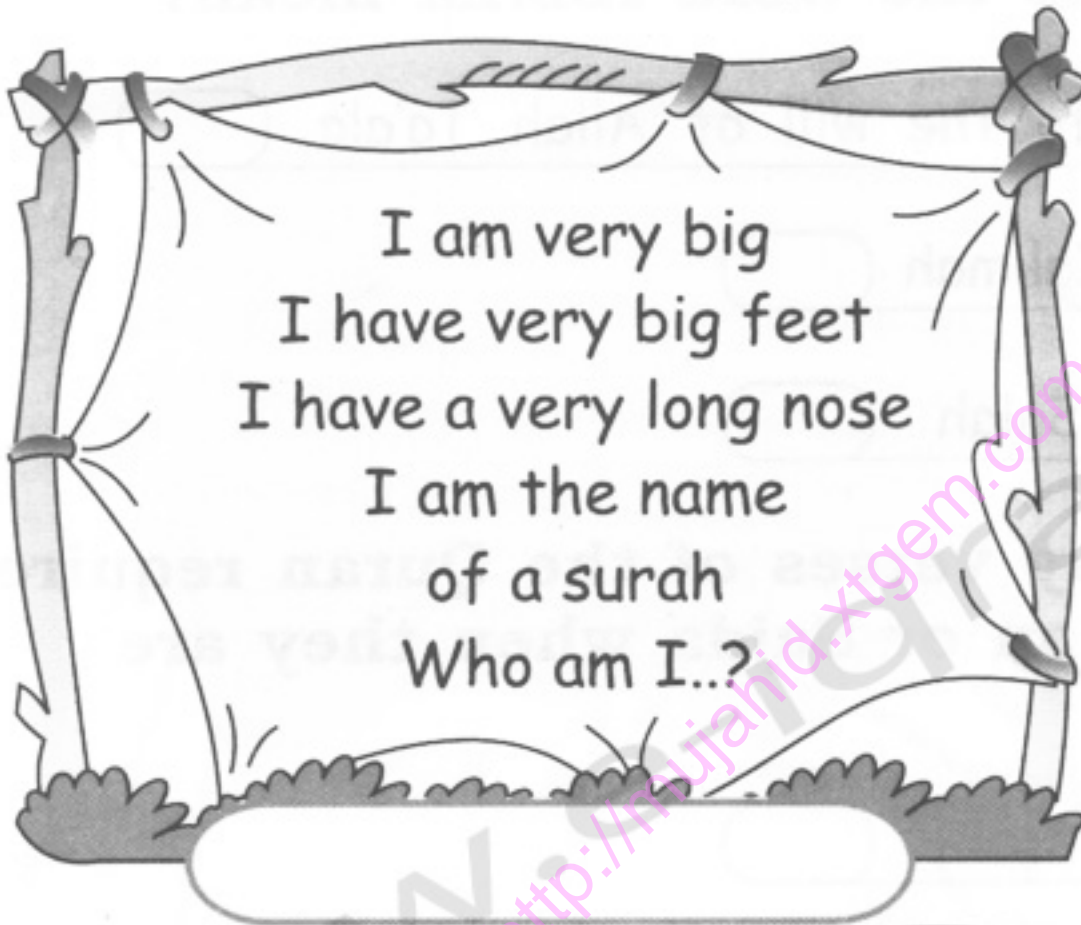
"Of course, I know the *Hadeeth*," answered Yaseen, as he got off Ahmad. "You seem to know a lot about *Hadeeth* and my brother says that you are very good at Quran. But why then do you only choose to use the part of *Hadeeth* that suits you?"



To be continued

RIDDLES

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE RIDDLES..?



Answer to be found on last page

Quiz Time



1. What does the word ISLAM mean?

- (a) Submission to the will of Allah Ta'ala
- (b) Just read Kalimah
- (c) Offer only Salah

2. How many verses of the Quran require prostration or Sajda when they are recited?

- (a) Ten
- (b) Fourteen
- (c) Eleven

2. What should a Muslim say when he/she sneezes?

- (a) Al-Humdu-lil-lah
- (b) Aamantu-bil-lah
- (c) A'oozu-bil-lah

AN INTERVIEW WITH SHAYTAAN

✦ TELL ME WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

❖ My name is Iblees.

✦ EXACTLY WHO ARE YOU?

❖ I am from the tribe of Jinns.

✦ WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?

❖ I lived for a long time with the angels in Jannah.

✦ WHY WERE YOU SO LUCKY TO BE WITH THE ANGELS?

❖ I was known as one of the best Zakir. My knowledge was such that I used to teach others.

✦ THEN TELL ME WHY DID YOU BECOME THE CURSED ONE AND WHY HAVE YOU BEEN PROMISED HELL?

❖ Yes well, they say one thing I did not have was the love of Allah Ta'ala therefore when Allah Ta'ala ordered me to bow down (perform Sajdah) in front of that pile of mud, I refused. Why should I? I'm made of fire and fire when lit, rises up high and when mud put in the air, falls down. Not only that but I had greater knowledge than him (man) and had worshipped more than him.

➤ WHO WAS IT THAT YOU HAD TO BOW DOWN TO?

❖ Adam, a so-called man made of clay.

➤ THE ANGELS OBEYED BUT YOU DIDN'T SO ALLAH TA'ALA THREW YOU OUT OF JANNAH. BUT YET YOU STILL HAVE SO MUCH POWER OVER US. TELL ME WHY?

❖ I pleaded with Allah Ta'ala that He gave me respite till the Day of Qiyamah.

➤ TELL ME WHERE IS YOUR FAVOURITE PLACE OF ABODE?

❖ I and my race of shayateen love to stay

in bathing places like swimming pools and clubs. A house where the Dua'a for entering has not been recited is our favourite abode. Market (Bazar) is my favourite place too.

✦ HOW DO YOU ORGANIZE YOUR RACE TO MAKE HUMAN BEINGS DISOBEY ALLAH TA'ALA?

❖ Every night I wait for my race of shayateen in the middle of the dark sea. Each one of them gives his report of achievements for the day and is congratulated for his work. However if anyone was able to initiate a quarrel between husband and wife or two families, he gets a special award and is embraced by me.

✦ TELL ME WHAT WOULD BE YOUR FAVOURITE FOOD AND DRINK?

❖ Well, almost everything that eaten by human beings without taking a Allah's name. I will tell you that's not difficult because many people forget to pray their Dua before eating.

❖ WHAT TYPE OF PEOPLE ARE YOU AFRAID OF?

Although I hate the Scholars (people with knowledge) and Zakireen (people who remember Allah), they are no problem for us as we are also knowledgeable. But one thing we don't have and cannot achieve is love of Allah Ta'ala and His messenger. So, the people we are most afraid of are those who love Allah Ta'ala and His messenger.

❖ WHEN WILL BE YOU PUNISHED?

❖ On the day of Judgement (Qiyamah) along with those who obeyed us and disobeyed the orders of Allah Ta'ala.

❖ HOW CAN WE SAVE OURSELVES FROM YOU?

❖ By obeying the orders of Allah Ta'ala and following the Sunnah of Hazrat Muhammad

ﷺ.



AHMAD AND HIS CAR

Ahmad had just passed his driving test. He started looking through the newspaper advertisements so that he could buy a car. In one of the papers, he noticed a car which was exactly what he wanted. Excitedly, he telephoned the agent, telling him that he was interested in the car, and he would be coming the following day to buy it.

The next day, Ahmad set off to buy the car. On his way, he met his friend Hussain. "Where are you off to, Ahmad?" inquired Hussain. "I am on my way to buy a car which I reserved for myself yesterday." "Don't forget to say *إن شاء الله* Insha Allah!" exclaimed Hussain. "Don't worry, I have the money in my pocket, and the car has already been reserved, nothing can go wrong," replied Ahmad proudly. Ahmad walked off happily, and confident that he would surely become a car owner today.

As he passed through the extremely busy city center, he recollected all the hard work he had gone through to save up for the car. On his way, he saw a crowd gathered at a computer shop. He inquisitively pushed himself ahead into the crowd to see what the matter was. There was a sale of computers at bargain price. Ahmad was much in need of a computer also, but he turned himself away thinking that he had saved up to buy a car and that's exactly what he was going to do.

Ahmad reached the garage and saw the car waiting for him. He looked for his wallet. "Someone has taken my wallet," cried Ahmad. He looked for it everywhere, someone had picked his pocket and taken his wallet while he was in the crowd of the city centre. Ahmad returned home sadly without a car.

On his way back Ahmad met Hussain. "So, where is the car you went to buy?" Hussain asked with surprise. "You see, somebody stole my money, **إِنْ شَاءَ اللَّهُ** Insha Allah!" cried Ahmad sadly. "But how?", asked Hussain. "Somebody

stole my wallet, إن شاء الله Insha Allah!" "But where?", inquired Hussain. "Somewhere in the city centre, in the crowd, إن شاء الله Insha Allah!" replied Ahmad.



Lesson

One can do nothing without the will or permission of Allah Ta'ala. When we mention our intentions for doing something in future we should say إن شاء الله Insha Allah.

SAMEER AND THE BEGGAR

(PART - 2)

The next morning, Sameer went to school without breakfast and bidding farewell to his mother. "I will show them," he thought to himself as he walked to school. "How dare they refuse to buy me the sneakers. I am their only child."

At school, Sameer felt even worse. Three more boys were wearing the sneakers and he could not even bear to look at them. Adil asked him why he had not got his pair yet, and Sameer lied to him, saying that his father was busy and would buy them on Saturday.

After school, Sameer walked past the Designer Store and looked at the sneakers in the window. "O Allah Ta'ala," he prayed, for the first time in his life. "Please make my father to buy me the sneakers. I promise that I will be a good boy. I'll perform all my salah and recite my Qur'aan everyday. Please help me. I just have to have those sneakers."

A few more days passed and Sameer's mood did not improve. He still refused to talk to his parents and ate very little, after which he would disappear into his room and only come out the next morning for school. He could think of nothing else but the sneakers and would perform his salaah regularly and recite Qur'aan whenever he remembered his promise to Allah Ta'ala, never forgetting to remind Allah Ta'ala about the sneakers in his dua afterwards.

Sameer's parents continued to pray to Allah Ta'ala to guide him and it wasn't long before Allah Ta'ala answered their pleas.

One day, a week later, Sameer was back at his usual spot at the Designer Store window, looking at the sneakers wishfully, imagining himself wearing them and showing them off to his cousins, who they were planning to visit in the holidays which were coming up soon.

He could picture the jealousy on his cousin Ahmad's face. Ahmad never ever said anything but Sameer knew that was only because he felt jealous towards him. Sameer enjoyed making Ahmad jealous and smiled to himself dreamily.

Suddenly, he felt a tug on his shirt (kurtah) sleeve. He looked down at a thin, dirty little beggar-boy who was trying to get his attention. The boy's once white shirt (kurtah) was now a dirty brown and was torn into several places. His feet were full of bruises and he had no shoes on.

"What do you want?" Sameer growled at the boy, who had disturbed the dream he was enjoying so much. "Please," said the boy. "Can you give me something to eat?"

"Don't touch me," said Sameer, pulling his hand away from the boy. "Your hands are dirty. Get away from me." "I won't make you dirty," said the boy sadly. "I only want something to eat. Please give me something edible." "Leave me alone," said Sameer. "I know you beggars. If I give you something, before I know it, you'll want something else, like my hat or my shoes." "I only need some food. I don't want your shoes," sighed the beggar-boy, looking down at Sameer's hardly worn branded sneakers. Sameer saw the boy looking at his sneakers and asked suspiciously, "Why...? Is there

something wrong with my sneakers...? What's wrong with them? Tell me...Tell me..."

"There is nothing wrong with them. In fact they are very nice. It's just that right now I don't need shoes. I need food." Sameer looked at the boy's swollen, bruised feet and said, "But you do need shoes. You don't have any on. Don't your feet hurt when you walk on the rough, stony pavements?"

The boy laughed. "What a silly question! Of course, they hurt. Can't you see all the cuts on them. I used to pray to Allah Ta'ala for food and clothes and shoes. But then one day, I saw something that made me realise that it was okay if I didn't have any shoes. I needed food more than shoes. And so now I make dua to Allah Ta'ala for food and whatever else He chooses to give me." "What did you see?" asked Sameer.

"Come," said the beggar-boy, stretching out his hands. "I'll show you. I just hope we're not too late."



To be continued

STORY TIME  27

MAZE FUN



THE LESSON FOR AHMAD

(PART - 2)

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Ahmad as he dusted the grass of his clothes. "Look what you did to my clothes. They are filthy. My mother is going to be very angry."

"May be you should tell her why they are so dirty," Yaseen called after Ahmad, who had already run away to his class. Ahmad didn't go near Imran for the rest of the day but still teased other little boys in his class. That night, at home Imran told his brother that although Ahmad had left him alone, he had still continued teasing other boys. This made Yaseen very angry and the two brothers decided to teach Ahmad a lesson.

"He got away the first time by using half a *Hadeeth*. This time we are going to teach him the full *Hadeeth*," Yaseen said to Imran.

The next afternoon, Ahmad once again started his nonsense. He continuously picked

on one poor boy who tried running away from him without much success, because Ahmad just kept on following him. Suddenly, Ahmad felt someone pull his hat off his head and when he moved around, he saw Yaseen and Imran grinning at him. Yaseen had the hat in his hand and when he ran to take it away from him, he threw it to Imran. The two brothers kept throwing the hat to each other. Ahmad tried to take it away from them. Ahmad eventually gave up and decided to rather politely ask them for the hat.

"Please, " he begged, "Please give me my hat back. Why are you all doing this to me. Just give me my hat and leave me alone!"

"If you want your hat, fatty, come and fetch it. What's wrong? Too fat to run?" They asked Ahmad mockingly.

Ahmad was at a loss for words. No one had teased him like this before and he didn't know how to respond. By now, a small group of boys had gathered and were enjoying the scene. Most of them had been hurt badly by Ahmad's words before and they enjoyed watching

him get his cure by the two borthers. Ahmad didn't know what to do. He could see the boys laughing at him and this made him embarrassed at first. However, after a few minutes, when he realised that Imram and Yaseen had no intention of stopping their teasing, he began to get angry.

He looked around for the teacher but he was no where in sight. What he didn't know, was that teacher could see everything that was happening but didn't want to interfere. He also knew that Ahmad needed to be taught a lesson and decided to let the boys sort it out themselves.

"Wait till the teacher finds out about this," he threatened Yaseen, " You are going to be in big trouble."

Yaseen laughed at Ahmad and said, "Come on, fatty. Don't be a baby. Why wait for teacher? Let's sort it out now. Come on, let's see if fatty can fight. I am sure you want to hit me, don't you fatty? Show everyone that you can fight as well, as you can tease. Come on, fatty, show them."

Ahmad was by known totally embarrassed. His face was puffed up with anger and his eyes were bulging. He could feel the tears stinging the back of his eyes and repeating to Allah Ta'ala, "Please don't let me cry. Please don't let them see me cry."

Ahmad turned to Yaseen and asked him, "Don't you remember the Hadeeth I told you about yesterday? I will not fight you because of that *Hadeeth*."

"Well then," said Yaseen with a smile on his face. "My brother and I will not tease you because of the same *Hadeeth*."



To be continued

SARA'S STORY BOOK

The vacations had arrived at last. Kabsha was staying at her best friend Sara's house. Both girls were sitting on the lawn in Sara's backyard. They were reading storybooks. "My book is a little scary," said Sara as she closed her book. "What is it about?" Kabsha asked her friend. "It's about two boys who get lost in a huge house. The house has no lights and they start hearing strange noises," explained Sara. "That's not very scary," giggled Kabsha as she continued to read her book.

That night, when the girls were in their beds, Kabsha heard Sara reciting something in Arabic. "What are you reciting?" asked Kabsha. "I am reciting a *Dua* (prayer) before going to bed," answered Sara.

اللَّهُمَّ بِاسْمِكَ أَمُوتُ وَأَحْيَا

Allahhumma Bismikah amootu wa ahyaa

In the name of Allah I die and I live

“It’s easy. You can also recite, said Sara. Kabsha repeated the Dua that Sara taught her. Shortly after that, both girls fell fast asleep.

“No! No! I’m scared! That way!” Sara was having a bad dream. “No! Somebody’s there!” she shouted. Sara’s mother ran into the room. “Sara, Sara,” said her mother, as she gently tried to wake Sara from her sleep. Sara woke up with a scream. “Oh...! *Ummee* (Mother), I had this really bad dream...and....and..” “It’s okay!” said Sara’s mother.

“What happened?” asked Kabsha. Kabsha’s eyes were almost closed. She was still very sleepy. “I had a bad dream,” replied Sara. “I was about to tell Sara that whenever you have a bad dream, you should first blow air three times to your left side. Then say,

أَعُوذُ بِاللَّهِ مِنَ الشَّيْطَانِ الرَّجِيمِ

A’oozu bil laahi minash shaytaanir rajeem,

I seek refuge with Allah from the cursed devil.

Then, you should turn to the other side and go to sleep,” explained mother.

“Why do people have bad dreams?” Sara asked her mother. “Bad dreams are from shaytaan and good dreams are from Allah Ta’ala. Our minds and thoughts are also get disturbed by reading scary books and telling useless stories. If someone has a bad dream, one should not tell others about it,” said Sara’s mother as she pulled the blanket over them. “Now, just think about good thoughts and go to sleep, and don’t read that book again!” Sara’s mother instructed them and left the room.

The next day the girls were in the back yard playing badminton. “My serve!” shouted Sara. Sara was about to serve when her brother Hasan, road his bike to the back yard. “*Assalamu Alaikum,*” he said as he jumped off the bike. “*Wa alaikumus salam,*” answered Sara and Kabsha. “What’s in your hand?” asked his sister Sara. “It’s a book that I just borrowed from the library,” answered Hasan. “It’s about these two boys who get lost in a big, empty house, and they start hearing strange noises and...”

Sara and Kabsha looked at each other and laughed. “What’s so funny?” asked Hasan. “You

will find out," said Sara. The girls laughed again and Sara took her brother inside the house for advice from their mother.



Lesson

Stories sometimes have a deep impact. We should be careful about the selection of story books. Which should be good and aimful.

THE GREEDY FOX

One day a clever fox saw a shepherd putting his dinner inside the trunk of a huge tree before setting out to look after his herd of sheep. When the shepherd was out of sight, the fox ran up to the tree. There was a narrow gap in the trunk, but by pulling in his stomach and sides the fox managed to squeeze inside.

Once he was in the tree, the fox gobbled up the food until every bit was gone. Then he tried to get out of the tree again. To his horror he found that he had eaten so much that his stomach had grown plump. No matter how hard he tried he could not squeeze himself out again.

Now, when the fox realised that he was trapped, he began to howl. One of his friends, who was passing by, came to see what the matter was. "There's nothing I can do," he said. "You'll just have to wait until you become

thin enough to get out again. I hope the shepherd doesn't return before that!"

The greedy fox was annoyed with himself for being so silly.



We should think before we act.

REPLY TO ATHEISTS

There were once some people who did not believe in Allah. They used to mock at Muslims and joke about Allah Ta'ala. A Sheikh was informed of this, so he challenged all those who did not believe in Allah Ta'ala.

He fixed a time and place for the debate (Munazirah). They were to meet in an open ground where plenty of people could gather to hear them. The Sheikh was going to prove to atheists, the existance of Allah Ta'ala.

On the appointed day thousands of people turned up at the place of debate. The Muslims were curious to know how the Sheikh would prove the existance of Allah Ta'ala.

The Muslims were seated at one side and the atheists on the other side by their most experienced speaker. Everyone was present, except the Sheikh. He had not turned up. The

speaker of the atheists stood up with his head lifted proudly high.

"It seems we are all wasting our time..! Even the Sheikh knows there is no Allah, so that's why he decided not to attend this meeting." Addressing the Muslims he continued "He has let all of you down, there is no Allah. Even your Sheikh cannot prove it." Just at that moment the Sheikh arrived.

"What took you so long? It seems that you are yourself in doubt about the existence of Allah...!" laughed the atheist.

The Sheikh replied in a very cool and calm way, "Well, on my way, there is a river to cross. As usual I waited for a boat, but I could not see a boat. Then all of a sudden a tree from nearby, walked towards the river bank and fell down in front of me. Its bark peeled off automatically and the tree started to chop into planks all by itself. Then all the bits and planks began to fix themselves and transformed into a beautiful boat. I quickly got into the boat and it started to row automatically. And now I am here."

The atheist laughed even more and accompanied by all the atheists "What kind of Sheikh have you selected as your speaker, he is insane! How can a tree walk....? How can a tree peel itself....? How can a tree chop itself and transform itself into a boat...? This is what your Sheikh is claiming," he shouted.

"This is just what I wanted to hear..!" said the Sheikh. "Just as a tree cannot change itself into a boat, how can the sun rise all by itself in the morning at its exact time, and how can it set each evening at its correct moment and place? How can the moon hold itself up so high with all the stars shining around in the dark night? Who makes us breathe in the air and makes our heart beat?"

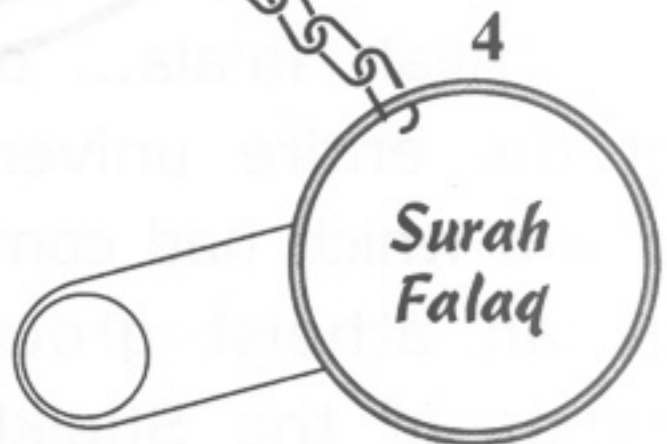
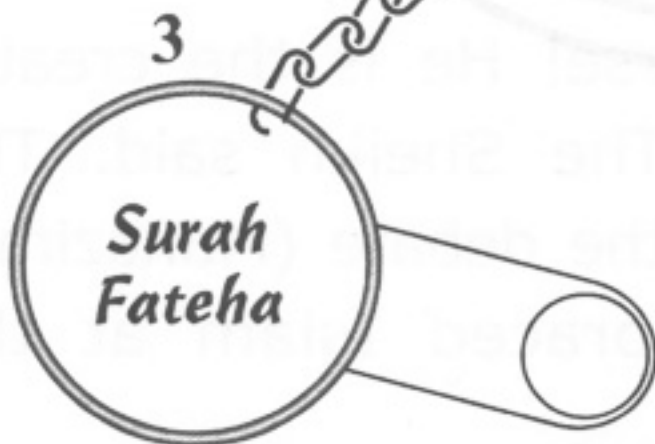
The atheist bowed down his head, he was speechless and had no answer.

"Allah Ta'ala... of course! He is the creator of the entire universe." The Sheikh said. The crowd which had come to the debate (Munazirah) as an atheist group embraced Islam at the hands of the Sheikh.

Riddles



Answer to be found on last page



SIGNS OF QIYAMAH

A Sahabi رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ came to the Nabi صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ and asked, "When will be the Day of *Qiyamah* (Judgement)? O' Prophet of Allah."

"What preparation have you made for that Day?" asked Rasulullah صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ .

"O' Prophet of Allah....! I do not claim much optional Salaat, fast and Sadaqah to my credit, but I do have in my heart the love of Allah and His Nabi صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ ," answered the Sahabi.

Every Muslim believes in the Day of *Qiyamah* (Judgement) when the whole world will come to an end. Many great signs of *Qiyamah* have been foretold by our beloved Nabi صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ . Among them, there are minor signs and major signs. Some have already been observed, some are now being seen and some are yet to come.

Here we would learn about some signs of *Qiyamah*, which were narrated to us by our

beloved Nabi Hazrat Muhammad ﷺ . Before the day of *Qiyamah*, (Judgement) great events will take place and the people at the time will ask one another if our beloved Nabi ﷺ has mentioned anything about them.

1. Thirty big liars will appear and the name of the last one will be *Dajjal*.
2. Until the advent of Hazrat Eesa عليه السلام , one group will continue to propagate *Haqq* (Truth) to the *Ummah*.
3. The objectors (the Kuffars and the Munafiq) will not bother this group.
4. The last *Amir* (leader) of this group will be *Imam Mahdi* عليه السلام .
5. *Imam Mahdi* عليه السلام will have an exemplary personality.
6. He will be a descendant of the *Ahle Bait* (family) of beloved Nabi ﷺ .
7. Hazrat Eesa عليه السلام will descend while *Imam Mahdi* عليه السلام is still alive.



THE GREAT FAMINE

Once there was a great famine in Madina during the Khilafat of Hazrat Abu Bakr رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ, Muslims were much worried because all reserves of food and water had exhausted. Hazrat Abu Bakr رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ told everyone to pray to Allah for help and to be patient.

Hazrat Usman Ibn Affan رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ was returning with his caravan from Syria. There were a thousand camels carrying wheat, oil, raisin, foodstuffs and other merchandise. All the marchants of Madina gathered around him. They started putting up their offers to purchase the goods.

One of them said, "I will give you double the profit." Hazrat Usman رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ replied, "I have already been offered more." Another one said, "O.k. no problem, I will give you four times the profit."

Hazrat Usman رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ replied calmly, "I have been offered more than that."

The merchant said, "I will offer you five times the profit, because I know we can sell the goods at a very high price."

Hazrat Usman رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ smilingly said, "But I have already been offered more than that."

All the merchants got shocked, "Who could offer you more than this as all the merchants of Madina are here." "Allah has already promised me at least ten times the profit." He smiled as he stood up.

"Be my witness I give out all the camels with goods to the needy people for the pleasure of Allah," as Hazrat Usman رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ raised his voice. All the worried and needy people received their share and prayed for Hazrat Usman رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ .



ALLAH IS THE ONLY PROTECTOR

A young man named Hasan had obtained his Ph.D in Islamic studies. He was admirable with good characters and great standard of education. People highly respected him and listened to him carefully.

Suddenly, the university decided to form a team of five professors. Among them was Professor Hasan, to go to Syria to perform research on the history of Islam. The day of departure was assigned for Friday.

Hasan told his mother to wake him up by 3 O'clock in the morning to travel to Syria with a team of researcher. Hasan's mother was so pleased at this good news but got worried about him, as she loved him very much and feared danger.

Before he went to the bed he requested his mother to pray to Allah to bless him and make his journey easy for him. Hasan's mother

fixed the alarm clock for 3 O'clock.

The mother fell deeply asleep and didn't hear the bell. Suddenly she woke up at 6 O'clock and hurried to the radio to switch it on to recheck the time. The 6 O'clock news was on, "The plane destined to Syria in which four researchers were on board was smashed and all the passengers were killed."

Hasan was in his bedroom as he missed the flight. His mother full of joy went to awake his son, and told him about the incident. (This happened because Allah wanted to save him)



THE LESSON FOR AHMAD

(PART - 3)

Ahmad was so relieved that the entire episode was finally over, and as he ran back to his classroom, tears rolled down his cheeks. He wiped them with the back of his hand as he looked for the *Hadeeth*. Tears began to wet the *Hadeeth* book as the words blurred before him. A hand held out a tissue in front of him and when he turned to take it, he saw that it was Yaseen.

"I am sorry that we made you cry," said Yaseen softly. "Give me the book and I will find the *Hadeeth* for you."

Ahmad handed Yaseen the book and watch as he scanned the contents.

"He definitely knows his *Hadeeth* book well. He must be reading it quite often," Ahmad thought to himself, as he watched Yaseen flip through the pages.

"Here we are," said Yaseen handing Ahmad the book. "Is this the Hadeeth you were talking about?"

Ahmad read through the *Hadeeth* and nodded his head. Yaseen pointed to the *Hadeeth* and said to him, "Read this second part of the Hadeeth and tell me what you make of it."

Ahmad read it and realised that when he recited the Hadeeth the other day he had only quoted the first part and had left out the second part which was just as important. But he still wasn't sure what it meant and Yaseen noticed that.

"Read it out aloud so that I may explain it to you," he said to Ahmad.

Ahmad took the book in his hands and read... "A Muslim is the one who avoids harming other Muslims with his tongue and hands".

"Now," said Yaseen, "You asked me not to hit you since I am a Muslim, you are supposed to be safe from my hands. But the part that you don't know or ignored was that since you

are a Muslim too, other people are supposed to be free from the harm of your tongue and not only your hands."

"But I didn't bit anyone with my mouth," said Ahmad quickly.

"No, you didn't, said Yaseen, "but you spoke ill of them with your tongue and hurt them with your words. That is why my brother and I teased you. We wanted you to know how it felt to be teased. You know, fighting alone does not hurt people. Sometimes words hurt more than fighting does."

Ahmad nodded his head slowly as the tears began to fill up his eyes once again. He hadn't realised how words can hurt people. Especially his words. No wonder other boys cried and got angry.

"I am so sorry," he said softly. "I don't have any friends. That's why I tease everyone. I didn't mean to hurt anyone."

"But," said Yaseen, "the reason you don't have friends is because you tease and mock

them. Don't worry Imran and I will be your friends. But you have to promise not to tease anyone again. If you do that, then *Insha Allah*, you will soon have lots of friends."

"I promise," said Ahmad with a big smile. "Thank you for helping me and also for making me understand the *Hadeeth*. I love reading the *Hadeeth*. It's just that I don't always understand it."

"I will help you," said Yaseen. "I also love reading the *Hadeeth*. Maybe we can study them together."

"I'd love that", said Ahmad, unable to believe that he had finally found a friend who loved the *Hadeeth* as much as he did. Ahmad's eyes shone with delight and his face lit up as he tried to imagine the enjoyable days he and Yaseen would spend together. And that night before going to bed he raised his hands and prayed to Allah Ta'ala.

"Please forgive me for all the pain I have caused and make it easy for all those boys, I have hurt to forgive me. Also I thank You

Allah Ta'ala for turning a bad situation into a good one and for making me learn so much today and most of all for making me find the kind of friend I have always dreamt of having.

Hadeeth: OUR BELOVED NABI ﷺ SAID:

"A Muslim is the one who avoids harming other Muslims with his tongue and hands". (*Bukhari Shareef*)



ALLAH KNOWS THE BEST

Once a king and his minister set out on a journey to hunt animals. It was the habit of the minister to say "Whatever happened is good" every time anything happened, meaning Allah Ta'ala has done good.

When they arrived at the forest, the king took out his bow and arrow, but the arrow pricked his hand and it started to bleed. The minister, on seeing this, said "Whatever happened is good". The king became extremely angry and ordered the minister to be taken to jail, saying "I have started to bleed, and you say it is good."

So, the minister was sent to jail. On his way he said, "Whatever happened is good." The king looked at him in confusion, then carried on hunting until he felt tired and lay down under a tree to rest, and fell asleep. The king was unaware that the 'Man eaters' (animals who eat humans alive) tigers roamed in that area.

One tiger saw the king and came to eat him. The king woke up but it was too late for him to protect himself. He was helpless and death loomed large in front of him. But 'Man-eaters' tigers eat only uninjured and pure prey. Because the king hand was bleeding, the tiger snipped him, left him and went away. The king remembered the ministers words when his hand had started bleeding "Whatever happened is good".

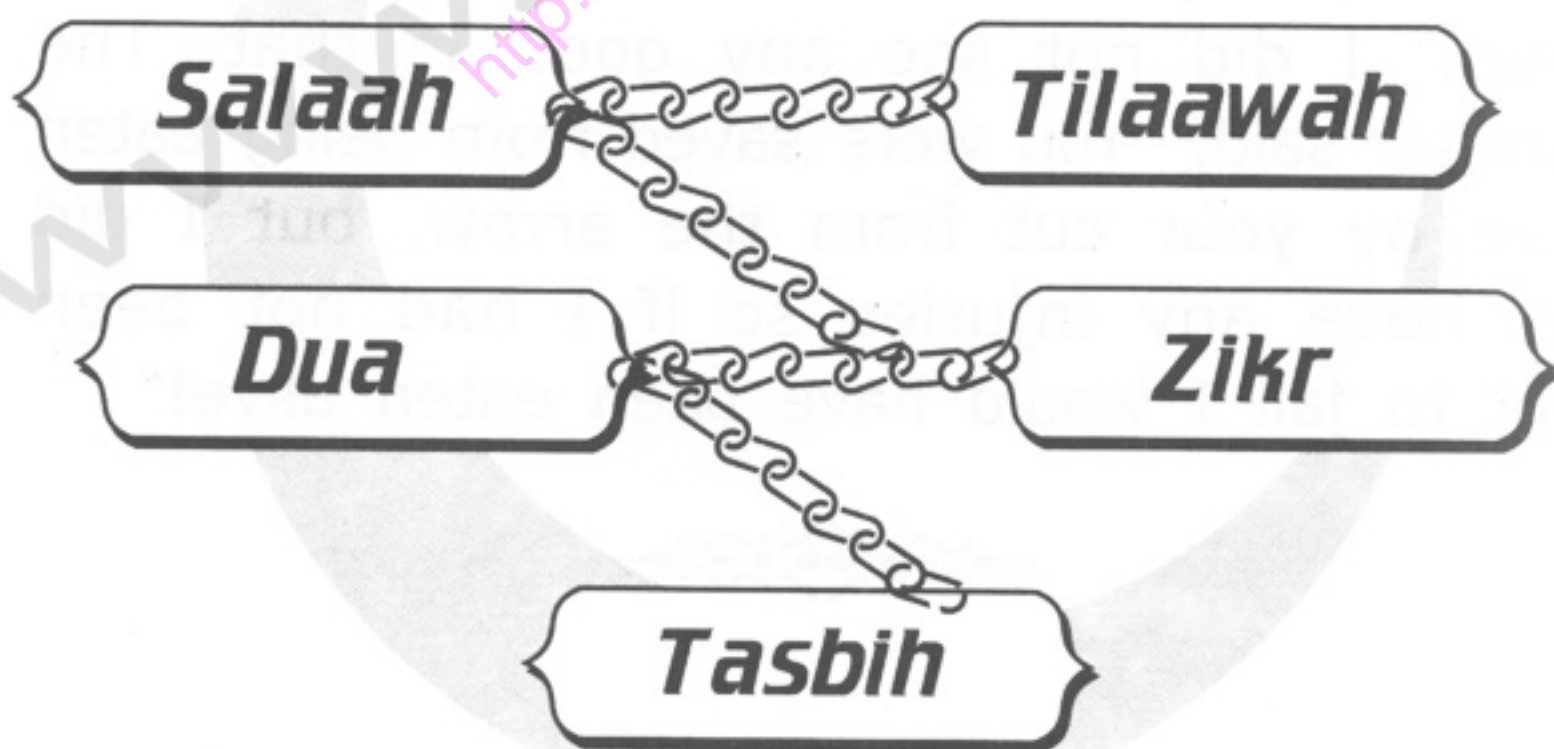
The king then returned to his palace and called his minister and told him the whole story. Then he said to the minister, "I understand that by me getting pricked on the hand I got saved from being eaten alive, but when I sent you to jail you said, "Whatever happened is good." I did not see any good in that. The minister said, "You were saved from being eaten alive by your cut from the arrow, but I did not have any injuries so if I had not been sent to jail I would have been eaten alive!"



A VERY SPECIAL NIGHT

In *Ramadhan* there is a very special night. It is called the Night of Power (*Lailatul Qadr*) and it normally is one of the last ten nights of *Ramadhan*.

On this night the angels descend to record all the good deeds and Allah Ta'ala accepts all we ask for. *Ibadah* (worship) in this night is better than a thousand months *Ibadah* (worship). so we should spend the whole night in *Ibadah* (worship).





SO YOU THINK YOU ARE CLEVER...!

Unscramble the letters to spell the names of eight animals.

O B O B A N

B A B O O N

I O N L

K Y O M E N

M E L C A

A K A L O

L A W H E

S O R E H

R A W L U S

Answer to be found on last page

HOW MANY CAN YOU DO ..? TEST YOURSELF TONIGHT

- ☉ To use Miswaak before sleeping.
- ☉ To sleep in the state of Wudhu.
- ☉ To dust the bedding before sleeping.
- ☉ To use a pillow to rest one's head.
- ☉ To recite at least some of the prescribed Duas.
- ☉ To sleep on the right side, facing towards the Qiblah.
- ☉ To sleep with the right hand under the head.
- ☉ Not to sleep lying downwards on the stomach.



SALATUL JUM'A ***(FRIDAY PRAYER)***

Every Friday, father goes to the Masjid (*mosque*) for performing Salah (prayer), The Friday prayer is called *Salatul-jum'a*. In English it means a congregational prayer because on this day, the Muslims form a gathering or congregation in the *Masjid*.

Before going to the Masjid, we should make Wudhu (ablution). But it is much better to have a Ghusl (bath) before going for *Salatul Jum'a*. We take off our shoes as soon as we reach the entrance of the *Masjid*. Inside the *Masjid*, we should either go bare foot or wearing only with socks or stockings.

When father arrives at the Masjid, there are already some people there sitting on the floor, reading the *Qur'aan*.

As more people arrive, and the time for *Salatul Jum'a* approaches, the '*Mu'azzin*' gives the '*Azan*' which is the call for salah.

The *Imam* then goes up to the '*Mimbar*' (pulpit). An *Imam* is a Muslim like all the others, but knows best about the *Qur'aan* and *Sunnah*. The *Mimbar* has a number of steps like that of a staircase and the *Imam* goes up this staircase to make his speech, where everybody can hear him loud and clear. The speech which the *Imam* makes is called the '*Khutba*'. The *Imam* tells the people what is written in the *Quraan* and *Sunnah* and says that they should worship only Allah and always do good.

After the *Khutba*, the *Mu'azzin* calls *Azan* again. This is called the '*Iqama*'. When the people hear it, they know that salah is about to begin and they stand up in straight rows. Meanwhile the *Imam* then gets down from the *Mimbar* and stands in front of the *Mihrab*. The *Mihrab* is a niche in the wall which shows the direction of *Makka*. We Muslims always face towards *Makka* while performing *Salah*.

The Muslims stand in long rows behind the *Imam*. Father stands in a row, too. The *Imam* raises his hands and calls, '*Allahu akbar*'. The people repeat after him. They raise their

hands and say, 'Allahu akbar'. They perform a Salah of two rak'ah, which is as long as the early morning Salah.

The *Imam* is the man who leads the Salah. The others standing behind him follow exactly what he does.



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JEWISH NEIGHBOUR

Hazrat Abdullah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ was a Sahabi of Rasulullah صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ. Once he slaughtered a sheep and distributed the meat among his friends and neighbours.

When Hazrat Abdullah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ found out that his neighbour who was a Jew did not get any share, he became angry, and told his family, "Our beloved Nabi صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَسَلَّمَ ordered us to take care of neighbours, whether they are Muslims or Non-Muslims."

Immediately a share was sent to the Jewish neighbour. Hazrat Abdullah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ did not eat his dinner until he heard that his neighbour had received the meat.



We must look after our neighbours whether they are Muslims or Non-Muslims.

A RECIPE FOR GOOD CHARACTER

There is nothing more delicious than a sizzling recipe for good character to help you through life and take you to Jannah.

The ingredients are:

*Half a pound of humility
Quarter pound of sweetness
Constant friendliness
2 cups of kindness
One cup of loyalty mixed with two
tablespoons of devotion*

Method

- Beat together humility and sweetness until light and fluffy.
- Constantly add friendliness.
- Shift in good thoughts with kindness.
- Sift loyalty and devotion well and add to the above.
- Mix well until it becomes a smooth texture.
- Bake at 180 degree your whole life.
- Top it with love and respect.

MAZE FUN

WAY OUT..?





What vegetable is suggested by these clues?



Print the name of a certain kind of bird to complete five words reading down.



Answer to be found on last page

SAMEER AND THE BEGGAR

(PART - 3)

Sameer was reluctant to follow the boy. He did not know if he could trust the boy and besides, what if one of his school friends saw him with the dirty beggar. He would be so embarrassed. But his curiosity got the better of him and he ran after the boy, who was now waiting for him at the opposite end of the street.

Sameer followed him into a nearby park which he had never visited before. He had barely entered the park when Sameer stopped in shock. The stench coming out from the park was overpowering and Sameer could hardly breathe. But what shocked him more was the amount of beggars, some sitting huddled together, talking and laughing and others lying down or sleeping under trees and on broken benches.

The beggar-boy saw the look of fear that

was so clear on Sameer's face and he smiled at him kindly. "This is where I sleep at night," he said, almost ashamed. "Don't worry. These people will not harm you. Come, follow me quickly."

Sameer tried to dodge the sleeping beggars as he ran after the boy. They finally stopped when they reached the street alongside the park. The boy sat down on the grass and pulled Sameer down next to him as he pointed at a distance.

"Look over there. Watch that wheelchair," he said breathlessly. Sameer sat and watched as the wheelchair slowly came into view. Sitting on the seat was a boy about ten or eleven years old. He seemed like a rich boy because Sameer recognised the designer label on his jacket. Pushing the wheelchair was a nurse in a smart, white uniform. Sameer felt sorry for the boy but it was only when he looked down at the seat of the chair did he see what the beggar-boy wanted him to see. THE BOY HAD NO LEGS.....! Out of the boy's short trousers

were two rounded stumps that ended just above his knee. As they passed the two boys, the beggar-boy turned to Sameer and asked, "Did you see that boy? His nurse takes him for a walk down this road every afternoon. When I saw him I realised that all his parents' money was of no use if it couldn't buy him legs. I may not have a lot of food or expensive clothes like him, but I am luckier than him. Allah Ta'ala, Most Great, has given me such strong legs so that instead of being pushed around all day, I can run and jump and climb the trees in the park whenever I like. So you see. I don't need shoes. At least I have legs....!"

Sameer began to feel very ashamed as he realized just how ungrateful he was. He went to the best school in the city, had kind, loving parents and most of all, Allah Ta'ala Most Great, has given him a perfect, healthy body.

And still he was not satisfied. He always wanted more. Sameer jumped up. He gave the beggar-boy whatever pocket-money he had, promised to bring him some food and shoes

the next day, turned around and ran home.

He pushed open the front door, ran up to his mother who, as usual, was hard at work at her sewing machine, and gave her a hug. His mother looked up in surprise and the look on Sameer's face told her that Allah Ta'ala had finally answered her prayers.

"I am so sorry, mother.... Please forgive me. The Hadith that you mentioned last week. It is so true. Today, when I met a boy who had no shoes and saw another one who had no legs I realised how lucky I am. I can't believe how selfish and ungrateful I was. Allah Ta'ala Most Great, has given me so much and I am now so grateful and I am going to thank Him everyday for everything He has given me, especially for such wonderful parents like you and papa. I just hope that Allah Ta'ala can forgive me for my behaviour." "Oh, He will my son. Allah Ta'ala created us. He knows our faults and that is why He always forgives."

Sameer knew that his mother was right

and for the first time in days he felt truly happy. And as the Azaan filled his room, he rushed off to pray his salah so that he could thank Allah Ta'ala Most Great for giving him so much.

Our beloved Nabi ﷺ Said.....

“Look to those inferior to yourselves so that you may not hold Allah’s benefits in contempt” (Bukhari)



MATCH

Match the Surah names with their English meanings.

AL QAMAR

AL NAJM

AL BAQRAH

AL SHAMS

THE STAR

THE SUN

THE MOON

THE COW

THE LAST DAYS

Our beloved Nabi ﷺ called Fatimah رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهَا and told her something in a whisper, that made her weep. Then he whispered to her again, This made her smile. Hazrat Ayesha رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهَا enquired from her after Rasulallah ﷺ passed away, regarding this weeping and smiling to which she replied, "The first time he told me that he would not recover from his illness and I wept. Then he told me that I would be the first of his family to join him, so I smiled."

The illness of our beloved Nabi ﷺ first began with a headache. When his sickness grew severe he asked his wives, "Where shall I stay?" They allowed him to stay wherever he wished. He spent the last week of his life in the room of Hazrat Ayesha رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهَا .

During this time he became unconscious many times and when he became conscious he would ask, "Is it the time for Salah?" During the period of high fever and unrest he recited,

“O Allah..! Help me in the difficulties of death.”

Our beloved Nabi ﷺ passed away on Monday 12th Rabi Al-Awwal whilst resting his head in the lap of Hazrat Ayesha رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهَا . He was 63 years old. On Tuesday the burial preparation was made and he was buried on the night between Tuesday and Wednesday.

Dark grief spread on all areas and horizons of *Madinah*. Hazrat Anas رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ said, “I have never witnessed a day better and brighter than the day Rasulullah ﷺ came to us and I have never witnessed a more awful and darker day than one on which Rasulullah ﷺ passed away.”



A BOX OF GOLD

A Businessman used to live in the city. Once, he was to go for some business but he had a box of Gold. He was worried as to where should he keep it. Suddenly, an idea came in his mind. By chance he had a friend who was also a merchant in the same city. The businessman carried the box of gold to his friend and said to him "My friend I am going to another country for a few months. So, please keep the box of Gold as an (amanah) trust with you. After getting back I will take it from you." His friend took the box and the businessman set out.

When the businessman got back, he went to his friend to get the box of gold. But the intention of his friend had changed. After a warm greeting when the businessman asked for the box of Gold his friend displayed an artificial gloom on his face and started saying with sorrow. "I am very sorry that the mice have eaten all of your gold. I am very ashamed

that I could not save your gold. But my dear friend it is not my fault." Then he tried to make him sure that he was really speaking the truth. After hearing this the poor businessman kept quiet and went back empty hand.

But he was still thinking that how could the mice eat his gold. He realized that his friend had cheated him. He started thinking to teach him a lesson.

After a couple of days, a splendid idea knocked the door of his mind. The businessman invited all the family members of his friend in his own house at dinner. During the time of eating, getting an opportunity the businessman hid his friend's child. When his friend had eaten, he noticed that his child was not present. He got worried and searched everywhere for the child but he was nowhere to be seen. At last the businessman told his friend sadly "The eagle took your child away." His friend said amazingly. "It is impossible for an eagle to take such a big child away.

On hearing this the businessman said, "The country where mice can eat gold, an eagle

can also take a child away.” After hearing this, his friend felt ashamed and understood the underlying motive for the drama and asked his friend to forgive him and returned the box of Gold to him.



Everyone watched the new Mathematics teacher Miss Fatimah, wondering what kind of teacher she would be. Her first one was very strict. She shouted at them and gave them lessons. She only liked the clever ones. Kinan was surprised by sitting very quietly and politely back of the class, letting all the brilliant ideas put up their hands and call out the answers. Kinan's end of term report read as if the test didn't even know she was. But it was a different way for parents could not get mad at her. Miss Fatimah explained: "Now, I am going to give everyone a different sum. You have to work it out in your head and call out the answer. One each, no hands up, no shouting. We'll take it in turn."

Some of the girls groaned, others smiled shyly, knowing that they would have no problems. Kinan's heart sank.

A GOOD TEACHER

Everyone watched the new Mathematic's teacher, Miss Fatimah, wondering what kind of teacher she would be. Their last one was very strict. She shouted at them and gave them detentions. She only liked the clever girls.

Kiran had survived by sitting very quietly and politely at the back of the class, letting all the bright, keen girls put up their hands and call out the answers. Kiran's end of term report read as if the teacher didn't even know who she was. But it was better that way. Her parents could not get mad at her.

Miss Fatimah explained: "Now, I am going to give everyone a different sum. You have to work it out in your head and call out the answer. One each, no hands up, no shouting out. We'll take it in turn."

Some of the girls groaned, others smiled happily, knowing that they would have no problems. Kiran's heart sank.

For the next 15 minutes, she listened to all her classmates answering. Some got them right, some got them wrong, Some were confident and others were nervous. But nobody was as nervous as Kiran.

She shrank down in her seat at the back of the class and tried to be invisible. Maybe Miss Fatimah wouldn't notice her. Or maybe the bell would ring before it was her turn. Oh, she hoped so!

Kiran looked at her watch. Still 10 minutes to go. Soon, it was the turn of the girls in front. Maria was counting on her fingers and muttering under her breath. "Hundred and twenty-seven, Miss Fatimah," she said at last. Miss Fatimah shook her head. "Nearly, It's 128," she said.

Now it was Saima's turn. She was really clever, and within seconds she had the right answer.

"Kiran, would you do this sum, please?"

Kiran squinted as Miss Fatimah wrote the numbers on the board.

“Er...er...”

Kiran looked around wildly, hoping for some inspiration, Then she had a bright idea. She swung back on her chair so far that it tipped over. All the girls laughed, but Miss Fatimah watched patiently as Kiran slowly picked herself up and sat down again.

“All right?” asked Miss Fatimah. “Well, take your time. Work it out carefully.” Kiran squinted again. “Hundred and twenty nine?” Some girls giggled. Miss Fatimah frowned at them. “Could you tell me how you worked that out?” she asked Kiran.

Kiran shook her head and bit her lip. She could feel tears behind her eyes.

The bell rang. Saved! She thought, but on her way out, Miss Fatimah stopped her. “Kiran I want to talk to you for a minute,” she said. Kiran knew she was in trouble. She stared at the floor.

Miss Fatimah spoke softly. “You guessed at the answer did not you?” Kiran said nothing and kept her eyes down.

"I am not angry with you, Kiran," said Miss Fatimah. "I just want to help. And the only way I can help is if you tell me what the problem is."

Kiran looked at her. Miss Fatimah looked kind. Maybe she could tell her the truth.

"I can not do sums," she said.

"Who told you that?"

"Our teacher in grade school. I always got them wrong."

"Did that make you nervous? Kiran nodded.

"Did you rush your answers? Write really untidily or small so she wouldn't know what you'd written? Did you hide at the back of the class so she wouldn't see you?" Kiran was astonished. How could this new teacher know all that about her, just from one lesson?

"I used to be like you," said Miss Fatimah. "I used to pray I'd be too sick too sick to go to school when it was Mathematic. Or I'd do something naughty to get sent out of the class. I thought I was so useless that I never even

tried. And then, when I was in grade 7, I had the most wonderful teacher who showed me all sorts of interesting ways to learn Mathematic. He was really patient and took things slowly until I got better. I was never a genius, but at least I got through. Thanks to him. And that's why I became a teacher, so I could help other students like me."

Kiran felt a wave of relief wash over her.

"Will you let me help you" asked Miss Fatimah and Kiran nodded. She felt as if she wanted to cry.

So twice a week at lunchtime, Kiran sat with Miss Fatimah until she felt confident enough to sit at the front of the class and put her hand up with other girls.



THE SECRET

There once lived an old man on a big farm with his three sons. The old man was very sick but would still wake up early every morning to plough his land and plant his crops. His three sons were very lazy and would spend all their time gambling. They did not care about their father nor the farm and only wanted more and more money.

The poor old man got more and more sick and he knew that he would die soon. He began to worry about his sons because he knew that without him, they would lose the farm and would be left with nothing. And so every day he prayed to Allah to help him.

"My sons don't care for me or my farm," he thought to himself. "They only care about my money and soon there will be no money left."

And then he had an idea. He called his sons to his bedside and said to them, "My

dear sons. I have a secret that I want to share with you. A few years ago, I buried a chest somewhere on our farm but I cannot remember where. Inside the chest is money and jewelry. After I die you can dig it up and you will all be rich."

The sons became very excited and they began taking well care of their father, hoping that he would remember where the chest was buried.

Soon the farmer died and the moment the funeral was over, the three brothers got out onto the farm and started digging it up. The farm was very big and the boys worked very hard, digging up every inch of land. They didn't mind all the hard work because they knew that once they found the chest, they would be rich.

One day, a man passing by saw the three brothers hard at work. He asked them what they were doing, they told him about the buried chest.

"I hope you find the chest," he said. "But since you have already dug up your entire

farm, you might as well plant some crops so that you can make even more money.”

“It will be too much work,” said the big brother. “Let’s just find that chest and forget about the farm”

“But it’s not such a bad idea,” said the youngest brother. “After all, we’ve already done all the hard work.”

“I think we should plant the crops,” said the middle brother. “Then we will be even more rich.”

And so the brothers planted their crops. They would wake up early every morning to work in the fields. Soon they learnt everything they needed to know about farming and they were so busy working that they forgot all about the buried chest. The three brothers soon became very rich.



THE SLAVE

There was once a famous saint called Mansoor Ammaar رَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ who lived in Basra in Iraq. He was the most famous lecturer of his time.

One day, a rich man was having a party at his house. He had invited musicians to play music at the party. The rich man gave his slave four silver coins and told him to buy some sweetmeats from the shop.

The slave took the coins and went towards the shop. On the way he saw Mansoor رَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ delivering a lecture. The slave decided to listen to the lecture for a while. After he sat down to listen to the lecture, a beggar came to Mansoor رَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ. Mansoor رَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ asked, "Which person from this crowd will give this beggar four silver coins to fulfil his need? I will make four duas for him."

The slave thought to himself, "Why don't I give these four coins that I have to the beggar

and Mansoor رَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ will grant me four duas.” He gave the beggar the coins. Mansoor became very happy and asked him what he wanted.

The slave said, “I am the slave of someone. The first dua I want you to make is that Allah must free me. The second dua is that my Master must repent and become a good man. Thirdly, I must get four coins in place of these. And the fourth dua is that Allah must have mercy on me, on all the people sitting here and on my Master.”

Mansoor رَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ made the four duas as the slave wanted. Then the slave went towards his Master’s house.

When the Master saw him coming late without any sweetmeats, he became very angry. “Why did you take so long? Where are the sweetmeats?” he asked.

The slave told him the whole story. When the Master heard what he had to say, he completely forgot about the sweetmeats. He said, “What are the four duas which you asked Mansoor رَحْمَةُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِ to make for you? Tell me quickly.”

The slave told him the four duas that he

asked Mansoor رَحْمَةً اللّٰهِ عَلَيْهِ to make. When the Master heard this, his condition changed completely. He said, "Your first dua has been accepted. I make Allah the witness that I have freed you from today. Your second dua has also been accepted. I repent from all my sins and I make a promise that I will become a good man. Your third dua has also been accepted. Here, take these four hundred coins instead of four. Your fourth dua is not in my control. Whatever I could do, I have done."

The Master gave the slave a packet of four hundred coins and sent him away. At night the Master heard a voice in his dream saying, "O young man, whatever was in your control, you have done. Now whatever is in our control, we will do. We will send down mercy on you, your slave, Mansoor and all the people who sat in his gathering."



Five Guideline Principles

by which the hearts bond together

1. By making Salaam.
2. By respecting others.
3. By giving gifts to others.
4. By mentioning names when making dua (for people).
5. By praising others in their absence.

Seven Qualities of the Propagator of Deen (Da'ee)

1. Have love for the Ummah.
2. Give invitation (Da'wah) with the intention of self reformation.
3. Have the zeal to sacrifice your life, possessions and time for Allah.
4. Instead of having pride and arrogance, live with humility and make humble yourself.
5. Attribute your success to the help of Allah.
6. When troubled by people, be patient.
7. Make Istighfaar (repent) after performing every good deed.

THE DONKEY AND HIS SHADOW

There was once a man who had a camel. His name was Zubair. He lived near a hotel. He earned his living by hiring out his camel to travellers who came to the hotel.

One day, Zubair was waiting for a traveller in front of the hotel with his camel. A little while later a man came out and asked him if he could hire out his camel. He wanted to go to the city. He needed the camel to cross the desert. The two men fixed the price that the traveller would pay.

The traveller loaded his luggage onto the camel and mounted it. Zubair walked behind. They carried on walking like this for a long distance.

As the time passed, it became hotter and hotter. Due to the sun's heat, the sand also became very hot. By midday, the two men

were too tired to continue.

They decided to rest for a while. The traveller got off the camel. As he sat down, he noticed that the camel made a big shadow on the hot sand. The sand in the shadow was slightly cooler than the surrounding area. So he sat down to rest in the camel's shadow and fell asleep.

Zubair was sitting on the hot sand. The sun was very hot and he was sweating. He saw the traveller resting in the camel's shadow and he also decided to sit there. But there was no room for him in the shadow.

He sprang to his feet, took hold of the bridle and took it a few steps away from the traveller. When he saw a big shadow, he lay down in the shade.

The traveller who was sleeping felt the hot sun on his body and woke up. He saw Zubair lying in the shadow. He got up and went to lie there. But Zubair pushed him away saying, "Go away. The camel is mine and so is its shadow."

“What? The shadow is yours! That is nonsense. You know that I have hired the camel. So the shadow is mine,” replied the traveller.

“You are a liar! You only hired the camel and not the shadow. If you wanted the shadow also, you should have told me in the beginning. I would have charged you more,” said Zubair.

The traveller did not say anything. He caught the bridle of the camel and led it away. Zubair became very angry. He went up to the traveller and slapped him in his face.

The traveller let go off the camel and turned to Zubair. He raised his fist and punched him hard on the nose. Now the two men were fighting.

The camel became frightened with the noise. He jumped up and all the luggage fell off his back. He ran away from there leaving the two men to carry the luggage on their backs.



THE PIGEON AND THE ANT

A long time ago, there lived a pigeon on a tree next to a small stream. He had no friend. So, he often felt very lonely. At such times, he would wish for a friend to talk and play with.

One day, the pigeon was sitting on a branch of the tree and looking around. Just then, he saw a small ant near the bank of the stream. Perhaps, the ant was trying to drink water. Suddenly, the wind blew the ant into the stream.

Now the pigeon began to watch the ant very closely. He saw that she was struggling very hard to swim towards the bank. But each time she moved a little towards the bank, the current of water would push her back again.

This happened many times. Yet the ant did not give up. After some time, the pigeon sensed that the ant was exhausted due to her long struggle.

The pigeon, now, began to think of some way to help the ant. He looked around himself. Suddenly, he had an idea. He plucked a leaf from the tree and flew to her in the stream.

He quickly put the leaf next to her. And she gratefully jumped onto it. In a short time, she reached the bank on the floating leaf.

Thanking the pigeon for his timely help, the ant promised to repay his debt sometime in the future. Then, she added, "I live in a hole near this tree. I have been seeing for a long time. Today, you have helped me. I like you and would like to be friends with you. Would you be my friend?"

The pigeon had always wanted a friend. So, he agreed to be the ant's friend.

Now the two friends would sit together and talk for hours. They would tell each other about the new places they had visited. They would share each and every joy as well as their sorrow. They would even keep a watch over each other's house when the other was not around. Thus, their days were passing happily and peacefully.

One day, the ant was resting in the sun. The pigeon had gone on his daily trip to get his food. Just then, the ant saw a hunter. He was standing some distance away from the pigeon's nest and gazing at it intently.

The ant quickly sensed the danger. She decided to inform her friend about the hunter and advise him to be careful of him.

After some time, the ant saw the pigeon flying back. She got up to talk to him. As she did so, she saw the hunter standing behind a rock. He was taking aim to shoot an arrow at the pigeon. Realising that there was no time to warn him, she decided to act.

The ant immediately began to run fast towards the hunter. She reached him just as he was about to shoot the arrow. She quickly got onto his foot and stung him hard there.

The hunter jumped high in the air due to the pain. And his arrow missed its aim. The pigeon saw the arrow passing by him and he quickly flew away.

In this way, the ant kept her promise and saved the pigeon's life.

THE OLD LADY AND THE TWO GIRLS

A long time ago, there lived an old lady in a village. She had two daughters. She was a very clean and tidy woman. Her house was known to be so clean that it did not have even a spec of dust in it. Her clothes were the cleanest in the whole village. Even her daughters were considered to be the cleanest little girls.

But how did she keep everything so clean? Well, she obviously worked for this. Every day, she would get up early in the morning with the first crow of the cock. Then, she would wake up her daughters, "Wake up, little ones, it is time to get up. See, the day is starting and the cock has crowed. Come both of you and follow me into the kitchen."

The girls wanted to sleep till late. Their mother was the hardest working person they had ever seen.

The mother only started her work when both her daughters woke up.

After bathing, dressing, performing their salaah and having their breakfast, the two sisters would feed the hens and the cock. Both the sisters hated the cock as its crow did not let them enjoy a sound sleep.

Therefore, the two sisters decided to kill the cock. One day when their mother went shopping, they caught hold of the cock and killed him. They hurriedly buried the dead body of the cock in a far corner of the garden.

When the mother returned home in the evening, she searched for the cock everywhere, but she could not find it anywhere. The two sisters avoided their mother. They slipped into their warm and cosy beds at night thinking of a sound and peaceful sleep. They were very happy they killed the cock. Now no one would disturb them in their sweet sleep!

But what happened the next morning? Just after midnight, the mother entered their room to wake them up for their daily work.

“Wake up, my dear daughters! Today there is no cock to awaken you!”

The two sisters had to get up in the middle of the night at their mother’s command. They were very sad and disappointed. They said: “Alas! We should not have killed the cock so soon.” They had to wash and cook in the darkness of the night.



THE GOLD COINS

Once upon a time, there was a man called Rafeeq who gathered all his wealth and placed it in a bag. He locked the bag properly and left it by his friend, Salman. Rafeeq told his friend, Salman that the bag contained one thousand gold coins and that he must look after the coins until he returned from his journey.

After some time, Salman opened Rafeeq's bag and took out the gold coins. He replaced the gold coins with silver ones and then locked the bag.

When Rafeeq returned from the journey, he asked Salman for his bag. Salman returned the bag to him.

When Rafeeq went home and opened the bag, he found no gold coins. He became angry and went back to Salman. Salman insisted that

he had not taken the coins.

Rafeeq went to the judge and explained what had happened. The judge requested that Salman be brought before him. When Salman came, the judge asked him, "How long ago did Rafeeq leave the coins by you?"

Salman: About five years.

The Judge opened the bag and read the writing on the gold coins. He found that some of the coins were made two years ago and some three years.

This made it clear that Salman was a liar and a thief. The judge ordered Salman to return the thousand gold coins to the owner and punished him for stealing.



Introduction

A civilized society can only be formed if the builders of the future i.e. the youngsters of today, from the very beginning of their age, are made familiar with the true spirit and the complete practical approach of Islamic philosophy of life. Dream of creating a virtuous and civilized Islamic society will continue to be a mirage if either of these two factors remains deficient. Contemporary curriculum is creating a self-contradictory element in the personalities of our children. It teaches *Deeniyat* and *Akhlaqiyat* as a compulsory subject but do not pay enough attention to the integration of these principles of *Deeniyat* and *Akhlaqiyat* in practical life.

Our those companions who are running religious institutions, and are familiar with the importance of learning contemporary sciences and want to enlighten their students with the light of these sciences, still remain reluctant to implement these courses in their institutions because the contemporary curriculum has not been prepared under any organized ethical plan. If any such effort has ever been made, it has been done without keeping any religious point of view in mind.

Now, *Al-Hamdulillah*, a well-balanced team of scholars has undertaken the task of addressing this problem. The team has scholars both from religious institutions and modern universities. The group has prepared some books at the initial stage. In preparation of these books, care has been taken to maintain not only the contemporary style but also the requirements of *Shari'ah*. Furthermore, a set of co-curricular books has also been prepared for the elementary and secondary level students. We hope that these books will elevate the educational standard of our children and the other goals such as religious and ethical training, inculcation of religious spirit and revival of interest in learning Arabic language will also be achieved.

We earnestly request all those people who are interested in educational activities or are engaged in writing and compilation works to send us their valuable recommendations. We also appeal them to pray for us besides taking practical steps because it is a collective responsibility of the whole *Ummah*.

Therefore, the owners, administrators and teachers of schools are requested to make efforts to introduce and implement these books in their institutions. *Insha-Allah*, by doing so, the auspicious results of these books will benefit the *Ummah* and the dream of creating a religious and civilized Islamic society will turn into a reality. May Allah Ta'ala give us Divine help and inspiration to carry out this virtuous mission. *Ameen*.

Bait-ul-ilm Trust.